VOL. II. LITERARY TABLET. No. XVII.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

THE CATERER—N°. III.

What are the lays of artful Addiſon
Coldly correct, to Shakſpear's warblings wild?
Whom on the winding Avon's willow'd banks
Fair *Fancy* found, and bore the ſmiling babe
To a cloſe cavern; (ſtill the ſhepherds ſhow
The ſacred place, whence, with religious awe
They hear, returning from the field at eve,
Strange whiſp'rings of ſweet muſic through the air)
Here as with honey gather'd from the rock,
She fed the little prattler, and with ſongs
Oft ſooth'd his wond'ring ear; with deep delight,
On her ſoft lap he ſat, and caught the ſounds.

J. WHARTON.

THE power of Shakſpear over the human heart is manifeſted in the various paſſions with which he alternately affects it. If a modern writer can, through the mournful ſtories of five acts, produce a tear, he is called pathetic and intereſting. Shakſpear effects this without labor. He writes from nature and he writes to the boſoms of men. He touches his magic harp and not a fibre of the ſoul remains diſcordant. As he feels we feel, and as he weeps we weep. Some have wiſhed that Shakſpear had been more learned and of a correcter taſte. But until human nature becomes ſo modified and ſublimed, that the moſt oppoſite qualities unite in the ſame perſon, I cannot wiſh him to be other than he is. Had he poſſeſſed more learning he would have written with leſs originality. Inſtead of pure, unadulterated nature, we ſhould have been preſented with only its ſkeleton, apparelled in the gorgeous attire of ſcholaſtic pedantry. It has been objected to Paradiſe Loſt that there is an unneceſſary and oſtentatious diſplay of learning. If this offends in Epic poetry, who would endure it in tragical compoſitions? If he had corrected his imagination to the ſtricteſt rules of taſte, he would, probably, have prevented its making thoſe excurſions which ſo preeminently diſtinguiſh him from all other poets, and which conſtitute a very conſiderable portion of his beauties. That he has ſome obſcenity of ſentiment as well as language is not denied. This is not his fault, however, but his misfortune. We ſhall be much diſpoſed to pardon him if we conſider the age when, and the circumſtances under which he wrote. The writer of Tragedy cannot anticipate the improvements of ſociety for centuries. Milton, with the prophetic ken of his own patriarch, readily ſold his work to the printer for five pounds, conſcious that he ſhould receive from poſterity its only value—immortality. But the tragedian writes for preſent entertainments, and ſuch, oft times, is the misfortune of genius, that from affording this entertainment he is obliged to derive the comforts and the neceſſaries of life.* To entertain a reader or hearer we muſt *pleaſe* him, and to pleaſe him we muſt conform to his own ideas of excellence. Were Raphael or Reynolds obliged to give a Dutchman an idea of perfect beauty he muſt ſhew him a female form, thick, ſhort and corpulent, however it might offend his own taſte, or outrage his judgment.

In the various ranges of his play, Shakſpear has undertaken to deſcribe the characters of perſons in every ſituation of life. Of thoſe who move in the loweſt ſpheres, the ſentiments are low and vulgar, and the language muſt be proportionably vulgar to expreſs them.

This neceſſity of adapting language to ſentiment and ſentiment to character, accounts for the great variety of ſentiment and ſtyle which diverſifies his writings; why he ſometimes deſcends to diſguſting vulgarity, and at others is as "chaſte as the icicle that hangs on Dian's temple." It is worthy of remark that whatever may be found in his writings that offends delicacy, there is nothing to corrupt the principles of the heart. They may diffuſe a bluſh upon the roſeate cheek of beauty, but they never authoriſe the villain to betray its confidence, or deſtroy its innocence. Theſe are but trifling faults and do not detract much from the aggregate of his merits. The loſs of a gilt cornice leſſens but little the ſplendour of the palace. It is not likely that we ſhall very ſoon ſee Shakſpear's equal. There may be thoſe who will avoid his errors, but who ſhall reach his beauties? There may be Juliets that ſhall not wiſh their Romeos to be cut into ſtars and to ſparkle in the heavens, but we ſhall never find another Fallſtalf to fight with Henry and coquette with the wives of Windſor.

* Dryden's tragedies could hardly afford him ſubſiſtence. Otway literally died of hunger, and the ingenious Savage periſhed beneath the cold damps of a Briſtol priſon.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

MR. ORLANDO,

IF you think the encloſed queſtions are worthy of coming to public view, through the medium of the *Tablet*, you will pleaſe to inſert them. The laſt queſtion involves a ſubject of conſiderable importance. An anſwer to it, from the pen of ſome able correſpondent, would, I imagine, be well received, and might be very uſeful to many readers of the *Tablet*. Whether anſwers to any of the other queſtions will comport with the deſign of the publication is beſt known to the Editor.

Yours moſt reſpectfully,

DISCOS TANTALOS.

MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS.

1. Is not the moral world as invariably governed by the operation of general laws, as the phyſical world is?

2. What are thoſe laws?

3. Is not a knowledge of them as neceſſary to explain moral *phenomena*, or the conduct of moral agents, as a knowledge of the laws of the natural world is to explain natural *phenomena*?

4. Is there any propriety in ſaying, a perſon underſtands human nature; while he is totally ignorant of the laws by which human nature is governed?

5. Is not that perſon ignorant of the laws of the natural world, who can aſſign no reaſon, why bodies with leſs ſpecific gravity than air aſcend and why thoſe with more deſcend?

6. Is not the perſon ignorant of the laws of human nature, who can give no reaſon, why this man is ambitious, another covetous, why one is malicious and another pleaſant, why one is idle and another laborious?

7. If a knowledge of human nature conſiſt in an acquaintance with thoſe laws, by which human nature is governed, is travelling the moſt direct and proper method to learn human nature?

8. If a perſon were to furniſh himſelf with optical and all other kinds of inſtruments, contained in a complete philoſophical *apparatus*, and were he to ſpend ten years in looking thro' teleſcopes, microſcopes, cameraobſcuras, perſpectives, &c. &c. and as many in a laboratory, and as many more in viſiting different countries and examining all muſeums and other repoſitories of natural and artificial curioſities; but all this time, ſhould neither aſk himſelf, nor any other perſon, why all theſe different appearances; why the planets move in eliptical orbits; why the tide ebbs and flows at ſuch regular periods; why alcalies and acids neutralize each other; in fine, ſhould make no inquiry concerning the reaſon of any thing; although he might paſs among the vulgar for a very knowing man, yet after all his obſervations, would he be a very great philoſopher?

9. Would a perſon, who had been much abroad and ſeen a great variety of characters; but had never fought for the cauſe of this diverſity, he had diſcovered, have a better knowledge of his own nature, than the perſon laſt mentioned had of philoſophy?

10. What is the moſt profitable manner, in which young ladies and gentlemen can employ their time, when collected to ſpend a ſocial afternoon, or evening?

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

THE art of pleaſing has ever been conſidered an important accompliſhment. Rules have been given us, and ſyſtems of conduct preſcribed, for obtaining this invaluable requiſite. To pleaſe mankind has been an object deemed worthy the attention of the moſt celebrated of every age. The ſame courſe, however, has not been purſued, or the ſame method practiſed by the enlightened in this art.

To accommodate ourſelves to the various diſpoſitions obſervable in the human character would truly be an Herculean taſk. Some may arrive at greater perfection in pleaſing than others, ſince nature has not been equable in the diſtribution of her favors. I would not inſinuate, that we are wholly indebted to nature for

his faculty ; it may be attained in part by obervation and ſtudy. But how difficult, perraps I may ſay, how impoſſible, it is, to pleaſe hoſe, who are diſpoſed not to be pleaſed, having cenſorious ſpirits, and uncharitable diſpoitions ? The boſom in which envy finds an abitation, cannot be pleaſed with what is enied. Jealouſy operates in the ſame manner, nd utterly forbids the approach of pleaſure, f from that quarter whence its jealouſy originated. How is it poſſible then, for a perſon enied, or him of whom we are jealous, to pleaſe us, even ſhould he call to his aſſiſtance every pleaſing art in exiſtence ?

It is impoſſible to pleaſe all. What is to be done ? Shall we neglect thoſe, who are ſincerely our friends, to gain the approbation of the few, whoſe tongues utter anathemas againſt us, becauſe our conduct is not agreeable to their inclinations ? Muſt we ceaſe all intimacy with thoſe we eſteem for the unſatisfactory applauſe of miſcreants ? Worlds never ſhould tempt us to become fawning ſycophants, cringing at the footſtool of ſelf-created majeſty. If a perſon can poſſeſs the art of pleaſing without becoming a humble paraſite, the poſſeſſion ſhould be deſirable. Good ſenſe will inſtruct us, unleſs, by a culpable ſubmiſſion to the arbitrary will of *baby greatneſs*, we drive it beyond our reach. Were you anxious to pleaſe your acquaintance, what courſe of conduct would you purſue ?—Would it be by a maintenance of your own ſentiments with proper complaiſance and attention to all, or by kneeling to an *imaginary* important individual, and making his will your guide ? As long as people are unwilling to be pleaſed, and cheriſh a diſpoſition to cenſure, ſo long they will reproach you for your conduct in ſociety, and quarrel with the productions of your pen.

It is more eaſy to cenſure others, than to do well ourſelves. Charity is but a ſmall ingredient in the human character. In ſome people it is ſcarcely diſcernible, being enveloped in the obſcurity of envy and detraction. The malevolent man feaſts on the miſeries of his fellow creatures, and is very active in obtaining this food for his inhumanity. Lovelineſs and innocence have no charms to protect themſelves ; they muſt be ſacrificed to this ſavage deſpoiler of every good. The art of pleaſing is acquired by them, the better to gain the confidence and friendſhip of thoſe, who are deſigned victims for deſtruction.

THEODORE.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

BIOGRAPHY.

LUTHER THE REFORMER.

(Continued from page 62.)

A SUSPENSION of proceedings againſt Luther took place for 18 months, during which, negociations were continually carried on for bringing affairs to an amicable cloſe.—The manner of conducting theſe opened a door for the reformer to look into the inner courts of papal corruption. He ſaw an inveterate adherence to eſtabliſhed errors, and an indifference about truths, however clearly propoſed, or ſtrongly proved. In 1520, he began to queſtion the divine origin of the pope's authority. This point he openly diſputed with Eccius his moſt formidable opponent. The diſpute was indeciſive ; but it mortified the votaries of the church to ſee ſo important an article of their creed publicly attacked.

The reformer, not contented with merely *ſuſpecting* the pontiff's authority, continued to puſh his inquiries from one point to another, till he began to ſhake the very foundation, on which all the opulence and power of the church reſted. The *holy father*, hopeleſs of reclaiming his incorrigible child, prepared to denounce the awful ſentence of excommunication. It was iſſued on the 15th of June, 1520. Forty one propoſitions, extracted from Luther's works, were condemned as heretical and ſcandalous ; all perſons were prohibited reading his books, and thoſe, who had them in their poſſeſſion, were commanded to deſtroy them ; and the author, if he did not within 60 days, publicly recant his errors, and burn his writings, was declared an obſtinate heretic, excommunicated, and delivered over to Satan for the deſtruction of the fleſh. All ſecular princes were required to ſeize his perſon, and inflict on him an examplary puniſhment.

Luther was not diſconcerted. He had long known, that the Romiſh Cyclops were forging this papal thunderbolt, and was, therefore, not unprepared to reſiſt its force. He renewed his appeal to a general council ; declared the pope was that antichriſt, foretold in ſcripture ; declaimed againſt his tyranny with the utmoſt vehemence ; and at laſt, to retaliate, he aſſembled a number of his friends, and with great pomp and ceremony, in the midſt of a countleſs multitude of beholders, committed to the flames all the books of the canon law, and with them, the bull of excommunication. He collected ſome of the moſt extravagant propoſitions of the Roman Catholics, relative to the omnipotence of the pope, and the ſubordination of all ſecular power to his authority. Theſe he publiſhed with a commentary, ſhowing them to be replete with impiety, and ſubverſive of all civil government.

Charles V. on his acceſſion to the empire, had determined to treat Luther with great ſeverity, in order to ſecure the friendſhip of the pope. He was, therefore, diſpoſed to gratify the papal legates in Germany, who declared that the diet, then in ſeſſion at Worms, ought, without any delay, to condemn a man, againſt whom the pontiff had already denounced his anathemas. The members of the diet deemed this raſh manner of proceeding unprecedented and unjuſt. They requeſted that Luther might appear in perſon, and inform them, whether he adhered to thoſe opinions of which he was accuſed. Charles wrote to him, requiring his immediate attendance on the diet, and promiſed him protection from all injury and violence. The reformer yielded obedience, without heſitation, and accompanied the herald, who brought the emperor's command. Many of his friends, filled with ſolicitude for his ſafety, beſought him to deſiſt from his journey, and not ruſh thus wantonly into the midſt of danger. But Luther, at once, huſhed their entreaties with this ſingular reply. "I am called to appear in that city, and thither will I go, in the name of the Lord, though as many devils, as there are tiles on the houſes, were there combined againſt me."

(To be continued.)

SELECTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

PLURALITY OF GODS.

THE opinions of the Pagans on this ſubject were very different to what is commonly imagined. The Pagan philoſophers could not reconcile themſelves to the idea of ſeveral gods ; the contradictions they diſcovered were repugnant to their wiſdom. This may be eaſily conceived.

Moſt hiſtorians recount, that *Socrates* died for defending this truth ; we may call him a martyr to the unity of God—he was accuſed by Anytus and Lycon, and condemned by the Athenians to drink hemlock juice, becauſe he ſupported the opinion of the exiſtence of but one infinite Being.

Ariſtotle alſo delivered his opinion freely on this ſubject ; for which he would have been condemned to the ſame fate, had it not been for the protection his diſciple Alexander the Great afforded him ; after whoſe death, however, he was obliged to fly, to avoid the puniſhment, and thereby prevented the Athenians ſinning a ſecond time againſt philoſophy.—There is no doubt, but he was fully perſuaded of there being but one God, for when dying (a period when the opinions of men are delivered truly) he exclaimed, "*Ens entium miſerere mei.*"

Plato was not leſs convinced of this truth, than *Socrates* or *Ariſtotle*, but he was too political to diſcover his ſentiments to the Grecians, before whom, he ſays, it was not ſafe to ſpeak on ſuch ſubjects.

Even the Pagans of tolerable underſtanding believed in one God, but of the attributes and various operations of the Almighty they were as ignorant as the exiſtence of them was manifeſt. It was this claſs of people,

"Who every attribute a God did make,"

and adored them under various names. It was this which gave riſe to the belief of many Gods. *Seneca* ſays, "we might beſtow as many names on Jupiter as we pleaſe, to imply the many different effects of which he is the cauſe."

Cicero, in his book on the nature of the Gods, ſpeaks thus : "It is a common belief among men, that every thing from which they derive good, partakes of the divinity ; thus conſidering the advantages which they receive as proceeding from a divine ſource, they adore them as Gods ; this is the reaſon that they have made two divinities of *bread* and *wine*, naming the former *Ceres* and the latter *Bacchus*. To theſe they have added every thing which elevates the character, and adorns the mind of man, as virtue, knowledge, liberty, victory, &c. "All theſe things," continues *Cicero*, "have paſſed for ſo many divinities ; and the greater

part of mankind, hurried on by ignorance and ſuperſtition, have built and dedicated temples to them."

Though the more enlightened ancients believed but in one God, they acknowledged him under different names, always, however, bearing a relation to his attributes; thus they called him *Jupiter*, in conſideration of his perfect eſſence and infinite bounty.

Neptune, becauſe they believed him to be the univerſal ſpirit which pervaded the waters, and gave them the neceſſary motions for the generation of bodies, as they conſidered this element to be the paſſive principle of all material things.

Pluto, from the idea of his being the ſeminal ſpirit which is encloſed in the boſom of the earth, and which there produced all the riches which it contains.

Phœbus or *Appollo*, as they ſuppoſed him to be the ſoul, or the efficient cauſe of enlightening and vivifying the world.

Mars, as the god of battles.

Deus Sabaoth, from his power of diſperſing armies at pleaſure, for which reaſon he was alſo called *Mavors*, from *Magna vertens*.

Cupid, as they eſteemed him to be the principle of the deſire of generation, which is natural to all beings, and induces them to unite for the production of their ſpecies.

Vulcan, from conſidering him ſymbolically under the nature of fire, as the moſt ſubtile power in the world, or as the only material one, that by its activity could give motion to all things, and conſequently the moſt proper to repreſent the Divinity which moved every thing.

Pan, from believing him to be the ſoul of the world, who gave life, and governed the whole univerſe.

Thus we may account for the names of all the other Pagan gods.

FRUGALITY

Is a ſimplicity of life and manners, that teaches us to be content with little; and what renders it ſtill more precious, it is a ſhelter from corruption. The Roman hiſtory offers us many examples of this virtue in Fabricus, Curio, and Camillus. The firſt rejected the magnificent bribes which were proffered to him by Pyrrhus; the ſecond deſpiſed all thoſe immenſe ſums which were preſented to him by the Samnites; and the third conſecrated in the temple of Jupiter all the gold which he obtained from the Gauls.

A ſimilar virtue dictated the anſwer which a gentleman, diſtinguiſhed for his merit, made to Sir Robert Walpole, when he wiſhed to gain him to his party.

The miniſter called on the gentleman, and told him he came from the King, to aſſure him of his protection, and his Majeſty was very ſorry he had ſuffered ſo much time to elapſe, without having rewarded him for his very great merit. At the ſame time Sir Robert offered him a place of conſiderable value.

"Sir," ſaid the gentleman, "before I reply to your offers, permit me to place my ſupper before you;" at the ſame moment he ordered it to be brought; it conſiſted of the remains of a leg of mutton haſhed. Then turning towards the miniſter, he ſaid, "Do you ſuppoſe, Sir, that the man who can be content with ſuch a meal, is to be eaſily gained by the court? Tell the King what you have ſeen; it is the only anſwer I have to make to him."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. Rees' New Cyclopædia.—Samuel F. Bradford is now preparing for the preſs, the new Cyclopædia, or univerſal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, in twenty volumes quarto; formed upon a more enlarged plan of arrangement than the dictionary of Mr. Chambers. Comprehending the various articles of that work, with additions and improvements, together with new ſubjects of biography, geography, and hiſtory, and adapted to the preſent improved ſtate of literature and ſcience. By Abraham Rees, D. D. F. R. S. editor of the laſt edition of Chambers's Dictionary, with the aſſiſtance of eminent profeſſional gentlemen. Illuſtrated with new plates, including maps, engraved for the work by ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed artiſts. The whole improved and adapted to this country by gentlemen of known abilities, by whoſe aid it will be rendered the moſt complete work of the kind that has yet appeared. A proſpectus of the work will be ready in a few days.

W. W. Woodward, of Philadelphia, has iſſued propoſals for publiſhing Adams's lectures on natural and experimental philoſophy, reviſed, corrected, and conſiderably enlarged by Robert Patterſon, profeſſor of mathematics and (pro tem.) teacher of natural Philoſophy in the univerſity of Pennſylvania. The publiſher is now waiting for a new edition of the work coming out in London, by Jones.

[*Monthly Anthology.*

INNOCENT AMUSEMENTS.

A Jew is allowed to divorce his wife, if ſhe has a ſtinking breath, and concealed it from him before ſhe was married.

The author of the 'Purſuits of Literature,' in applying the laſh of ſatire to the back of Mr. Taylor, tranſlator of Plotinus, propoſes to him, in conjunction with Dr. Darwin, the following problem—"Whether a Platonic idea, hovering to the right on the orifice of chaos, might drive away the ſquadrons of democratical atoms!"

The King of Congo ſometimes chuſes to walk out in a windy day, with his bonnot lightly placed on one ſide his head; and if the wind blows it off, he impoſes a tax on the inhabitants of that part of his kingdom from which the wind blows.

In an epigram by an Arabian writer, there is this thought: "*As I came into the world crying, and the friends of my family were joyful, I am reſolved to die laughing, and let my friends cry in their turn.*"

The Romans would not adminiſter an oath, or receive as a witneſs, any perſon but what was married.

GENEROSITY.

A POOR woman, who had ſeen better days, underſtanding from ſome of her acquaintance, that Dr. Goldſmith had ſtudied phyſic, and hearing of his great humanity, ſolicited him in a letter, to ſend her ſomething for her huſband who had loſt his appetite, and was reduced to a moſt melancholy ſtate by continual anguiſh. The good-natured poet waited on her inſtantly, and after ſome diſcourſe with his patient, found him ſinking faſt in that worſt of ſickneſs, poverty. The doctor told them that they ſhould hear from him in an hour, when he ſhould ſend ſome pills, which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home and put ten guineas into a chip box, with the following label.—"Theſe muſt be uſed as your neceſſities require, be patient and of good heart." He ſent his ſervant with this preſcription to the comfortleſs mourner, who found it contained a remedy ſuperior to any thing Galen or his pupils could adminiſter for his relief.

A GOOD SENTIMENT.

Ganganelli, on being elevated to the Cardinalſhip, ſaid to his friends; "I look upon dignities only as ſo many more ſyllables in an Epitaph, and from whence no ſubject of vanity can be extracted; ſince he, who is interred, is beneath even the inſcriptions which are read upon his tomb."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have read, with pleaſure, the well-written 'Idyl' of 'Coelius.' It is highly worthy of publication; but we wiſh to ſee the *whole* before we become the heralds of *any*.

DISCOS TANTALOS' eſſay ſhall be inſerted in the next Tablet.

The production of 'Archias' would not, we think, have wounded the taſte of his ancient nameſake. We hope he will continue 'climbing the cliffs of Parnaſſus,' and drinking at the 'Muſes' Fount,' till he can equal that Archias, who could, if Cicero utters truth, "cum literam ſcripſiſſet nullam, magnum numerum optimorum verſuum dicere extempore."

Several compoſitions have lately come to our notice, and ſhall ſoon receive the attention they deſerve.

MARRIED,

In Paris, Count Rumford, to the widow of M. Vareeſy; by which nuptial *experiment* he obtains a fortune of 8000l. per annum—the moſt effective of all the *Rumfordizing* projects for keeping a *houſe warm*.

At Bradford, (Vt.) on the 21ſt inſt. by the Rev. Gardner Kellogg, Col. DAN SHAW, of Lime, to Mrs. MARY BLISS, of Bradford.

At Lebanon, Mr. Jabez Baker, to Mrs. Polly Robertſon.

"*While man is growing, life is in decreaſe,*
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb."

DIED,

In Portſmouth, Hon. John Pickering, Eſq. L. L. D. aged 63.

Drowned, in Franconia, (N. H.) on the 1ſt inſt. Mr. James Sanger, aged 25 years.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

THE SPECTRE.

THE day was far ſpent, Sol juſt gleamed thro' the trees,
Not a cloud veil'd the face of the ſky;
To the whiſpering poplar that ſung in the breeze,
The willow repli'd with a ſigh.

When alone to a grove, (where I often repair,
As my boſom with ſorrow o'erflows,)
I bent my ſad courſe to enumerate there,
By myſelf, my misfortunes and woes.

I mus'd as I walk'd and thus pin'd at my fate,
Alas! had I never been born,
Or di'd in the cradle, at ſome early date,
My troubles I ſhould have foregone.

The curtains of ev'ning were drawn ere I gain'd
My wonted, yet ſolemn, retreat,
Where I doubled my moans, and of fate ſtill complain'd,
On a ſod, my accuſtomed ſeat.

I ceas'd, when a form, wan and pale, caught my eye,
As the moon-beams ſhone full in his face;
I ſtrove, but in vain were my efforts, to fly
The ſpectre-like ſeer of the place.

"I come" cri'd the ſeer "to bemoan thy ſad caſe
And eaſe thy lorn heart, if I can;
But hope and deſpair are the lot of thy race,
And misfortune the portion of man.

We muſt not expect, in a clear ſummer's day,
No more to ſee tempeſt and rain,
We muſt not believe, when our proſpects are gay,
That gay proſpects will always remain.

And as winter's chill blaſts, when uncommonly rude,
Make us dote on a ſeaſon more warm;
So the ſqualls of misfortune ſhould ever be view'd,
And hope be our port in the ſtorm."

Thus ſpeaking he left me half cur'd of my ſpleen,
Since then, if misfortunes appear,
I think on the night when the ſpectre was ſeen
And muſe on the ſpeech of the ſeer.

ARCHIAS.

SELECTED POETRY.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

By Pope.

DESCEND, ye Nine! deſcend and ſing;
The breathing inſtruments inſpire,
Wake into voice each ſilent ſtring,
And ſweep the ſounding lyre!
In a ſadly-pleaſing ſtrain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet ſound,
Till the roofs all around
The ſhrill echoes rebound:
While in more lengthen'd notes and ſlow,
The deep, majeſtic, ſolemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers ſoft and clear
Gently ſteal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder riſe,
And fill with ſpreading ſounds the ſkies;
Exulting in triumph now ſwell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild muſic floats;
Till, by degrees, remote and ſmall,
The ſtrains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

By muſic, minds an equal temper know,
Nor ſwell too high, nor ſink too low.
If in the breaſt tumultuous joys ariſe,
Muſic her ſoft, aſſuaſive voice applies;
Or, when the ſoul is preſs'd with cares,
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.
Warriors ſhe fires with animated ſounds;
Pours balms into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouſes from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Liſt'ning Envy drops her ſnakes;
Inteſtine war no more our paſſions wage,
And giddy faction bear away their rage.

But when our country's cauſe provokes to arms,
How martial muſic ev'ry boſom warms!
So when the firſt bold veſſel dar'd the ſeas,
High on the ſtern the Thracian rais'd his ſtrain,
While Argo ſaw her kindred trees
Deſcend from Pelion to the main.
Tranſported demigods ſtood round,
And men grew heroes at the ſound,
Inflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his ſev'nfold ſhield diſplay'd,
And half unſheath'd the ſhining blade:
And ſeas, and rocks, and ſkies rebound,
To arms, to arms, to arms!

But when through all the infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegeton ſurrounds,
Love, ſtrong as death, the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What ſounds were heard,
What ſcenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coaſts!
Dreadful gleams,
Diſmal ſcreams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sudden moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghoſts!
But hark! he ſtrikes the golden lyre;
And ſee! the tortur'd ghoſt reſpire,
See, ſhady forms advance!
Thy ſtone, O Siſyphus, ſtands ſtill,
Ixion reſts upon his wheel,
And the pale ſpectres dance!
The furies ſink upon their iron beds, [heads.
And ſnakes uncurl'd hang liſt'ning round their

By the ſtreams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elyſian flow'rs;
By thoſe happy ſouls who dwell
In yellow meads of aſphodel,
Or amaranthine bow'rs;
By the hero's armed ſhades,
Glitt'ring through the gloomy glades;
By the youths that died for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Reſtore, reſtore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the huſband, or return the wife?

He ſung, and hell conſented
To hear the poet's pray'r:
Stern Proſerpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus ſong could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell,
A conqueſt how hard and how glorious!
Though fate had faſt bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet muſic and love were victorious.

But ſoon, too ſoon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again ſhe falls, again ſhe dies, ſhe dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal ſiſters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under raging mountains,
Beſide the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghoſt,
For ever, ever, ever loſt!
Now with furies ſurrounded,
Deſpairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidſt Rhodope's ſnows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the deſert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus reſounds with the Bachanals cries—
Ah ſee, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death *Eurydice* he ſung,
Eurydice ſtill trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

Muſic the fierceſt grief can charm,
And fate's ſevereſt rage diſarm:
Muſic can ſoften pain to eaſe,
And make deſpair and madneſs pleaſe:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliſs above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praiſe confin'd the ſound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Borne on the ſwelling notes our ſouls aſpire,
While ſolemn airs improve the ſacred fire;
And angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;
His numbers rais'd a ſhade from hell,
Hers lift the ſoul to heav'n.

ADVICE TO THE LADIES,

BY PETER PINDAR.

A knowledge ladies in a *pie*, or *pudding*,
Will more delight your friends, than all your ſtudying:
One cut from *ven'ſon* to the heart can ſpeak
Stronger, than ten quotations from the *Greek*:
One fat *ſir-loin* poſſeſſes more ſublime,
Than all the airy caſtles built by *rhyme*:
One nipperkin of *ſtingo*, with a *toaſt*,
Beats all the ſtreams, the Muse's fount can boaſt:
Yes! in *one pint* of PORTER, lo, my belly can
Find *bliſſes* not in all the FLOODS of *Helicon!*

EPIGRAM.

"What's faſhionable, I'll maintain
"Is always right," ſays ſprightly Jane:
"Ah, would to Heaven," cries graver Sue,
"What's *right* were faſhionable too."

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